6

Cupids wrongs vindicated:

Wherein he that *Cupids* wiles did discover,
Is proved a false dissembling Lover.
The Mayd shewes such cause that none can her condemne,
But on the contrary the fault's layd on him.

To the tune of Cupids *cruell torments*

THe guilefull Crocodile
when he his prey would gain,
That none may spie his wile,
A mournfull noyse doth feigne:
So thou false Hypocrite
Thy foule deceipt to couer,
Dost act the part aright
of a distracted Louer.
But raile no more on Loue,
Nor doe young Cupid wrong,
For thou didst never proue
What doth to love belong.

Vienna-like thou feign'st
words of a dying man,
But falsely thou complain'st
with woe I proue it can:
For like a cheating wretch,
thou dost on me exclaime,
But this is but a fetch.
for thou deseru'st the blame.
Why dost thou raile on loue,
Or doe, &c.

Thou knowst I lou'd thée well,
and purposd thee to haue,
Thy conscience this can tell,
thou false dissembling knaue,
But when I did perceiue
thy fickle wauering mind,
'Twas time to take my leaue,
and serue thee in thy kind.
Then raile no more on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didst neuer proue
What doth to loue belong.

Let any one that will
be iudge twixt thee and mee,
Why should I loue thee still,
when thou lou'st two or three.
Dost thinke Ile stand at stake,
to helpe at the last cast?
When all doe thee forsake,
then I must serue at last.
O raile no more on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didst never proue
What doth to loue belong.

Thou com'st to me ith morne,
and gost to Madge at night,
Thy mind will quickly turne
to which comes next in sight.
Thou'lt promise and protest
thou wilt haue none but me,
But when thou seest the rest
those vowes forgotten bee.
Then raile no more on love,
Nor Cupids, &c.

Dost thinke I cannot heare
how thou playst fast and loose,
Long Mall gaue thee good cheere.
both Cony Hen and Goose:
Alas man I haue friends
that note thy actions well,
Thou lou'st for thine owne ends,
but I thy knauery smell.
Then raile no more on loue,
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The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.

I Saw laſt Thurſeday night,
when thou wentſt to the Swan,
With Kate and Winifrie,
and after you came Nan,
I know what wine you had,
and alſo what was payd,
Alas poore harmeleſſe lad,
wilt thou dye for a Mayd!
Fye raile no more on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didſt neuer proue
What does to loue belong.

I Cannot choose but ſmile
to thinke how cunningly
Thou wouldſt the world beguile
with foule hypocriſy:
For I the wrong ſuſtaine,
and thou from griefe art free,
Yet ſtill thou doſt complaine
that I am falſe to thee.
Fye neuer raile on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didſt never proue
What doth to loue belong.

To either man or Mayd
For cenſure Ile appeale,
Which of us may be ſayd
diſloyally to deale;
Did euer I ſeeme nice
till I was told for truth,
Poore oft then once or twice,
thou was't a faithleſſe youth.
Fye doe not raile, &c.

Thou mak'ſt the world beleeue,
thou for my loue doſt pine,
Indeed thou ſore doſt griene
with wenches, Cakes, and wine,
For my part tis my lot
to pray for patience ſtill,
Vntill I haue forgot
thy ouer-reaching skill.
Then doe not raile, &c.

Yet though I ſuffer wrong
I needs muſt prayſe thy art,
Sure thou haſt ſtudy'd long
to act the Mad-mans part,
Thou canſt not ſleep nor wake
for fancies in thy head,
Now I doe thee forſake
I muſe thou art not dead.
Fye doe not raile, &c.

That Laſſe which ſhall haue thee
Who ere has that ill hap,
Let her learne this of me,
thee's caught in follies trap.
He that diſſemble can
with one in ſuch a way.
Wee'l here proue honeſt man,
beleeue me what I ſay.
Then doe not raile on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didſt neuer proue
What doth to loue belong.

FINIS. M.P.

Printed at London for F.G.